

THE
INDUSTRIAL CLUB

1907

**Just to mark a passing year
Rhymes and faces greet you here.
Scan each page, salute your pal
Every good Industrial.**

A. S. H.

GU-3527

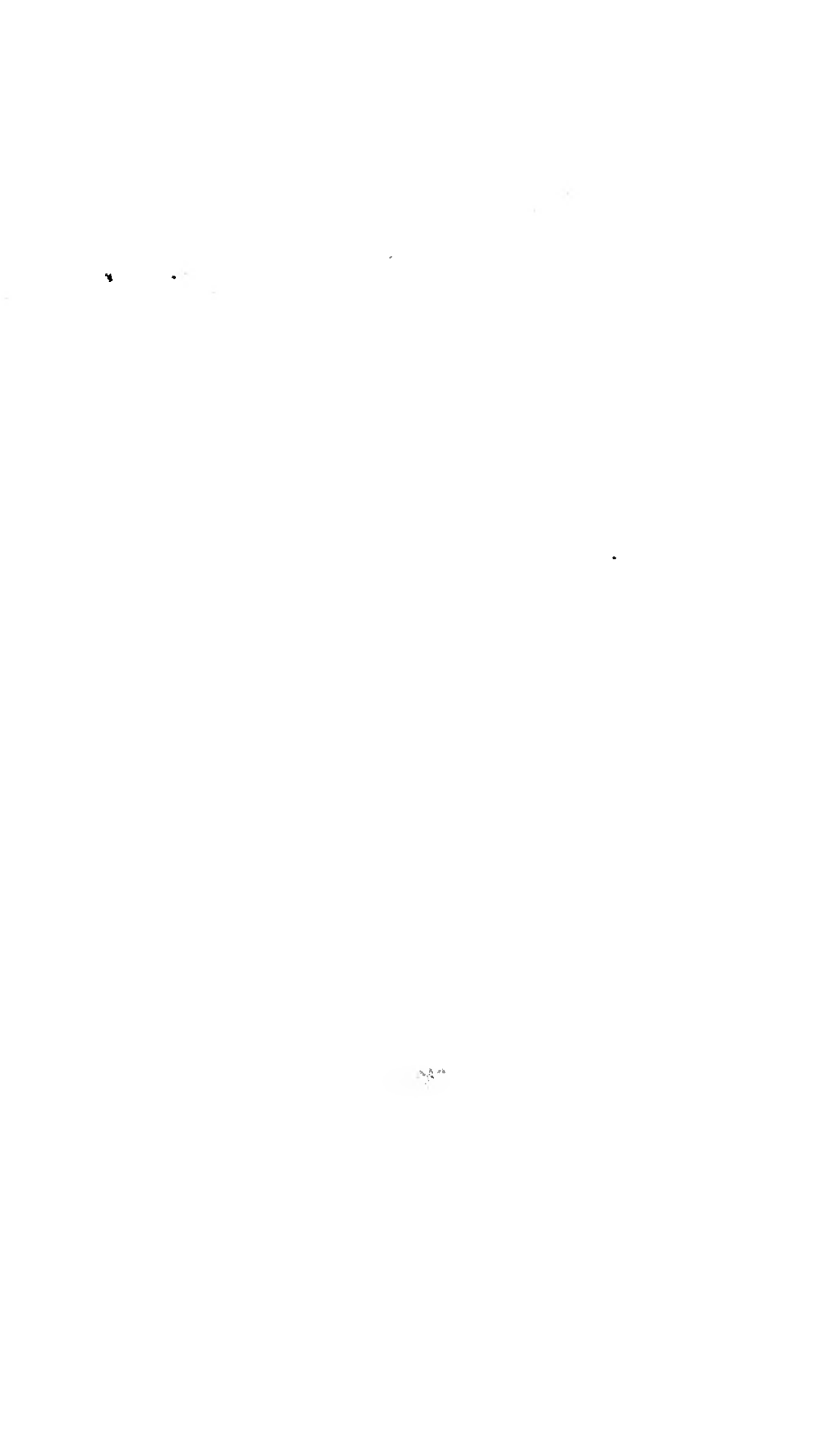
THE REASON WHY

**Now all ye good Industrials
Raise up your voice with me
And in this meeting of your pals
Explain just why are we.**

**If anybody asks you why
The reason's always clear,
For brotherhood and destiny
We're here because we're here.**

CHORUS

We're here because we're here.





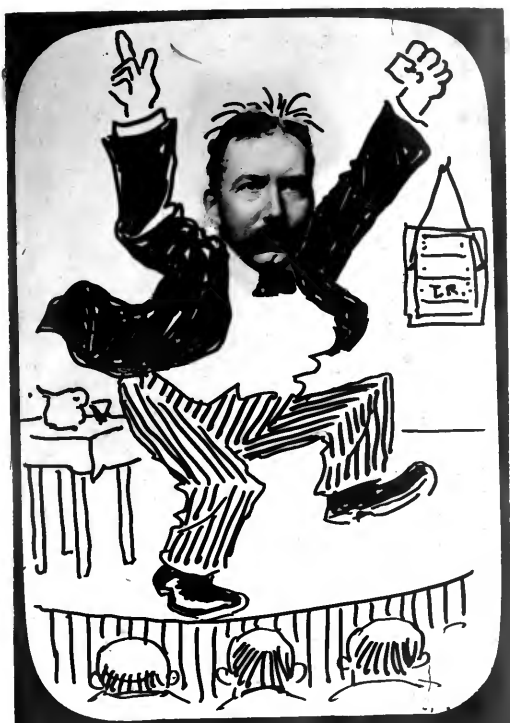
JOHN H. WOOD

We have a new member named
Wood
Who said he would come if he
could;
If he isn't here yet
I'm sure we can bet
We are all missing something that
is good.



JAMES R. BAKER

If you get Baker started
He can sing us many tunes,
But don't let him talk shop tonight
Or he'll fill us up with prunes.



HENRY I. MILLER

Are we Industrials or are we not?
Shall railways run or shall rail-
ways not?

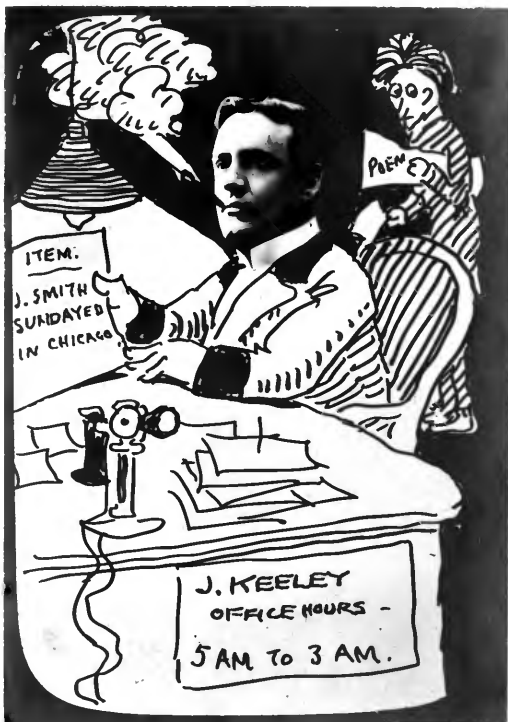
Mr. President, who's at the tiller?
Let's put the question to Henry
Miller.



RICHARD SCHMIDT

**We shall expect our architect
Tonight to make a hit.
When we want castles in the air
We'll call for Richard Schmidt.**





JAMES KEELEY

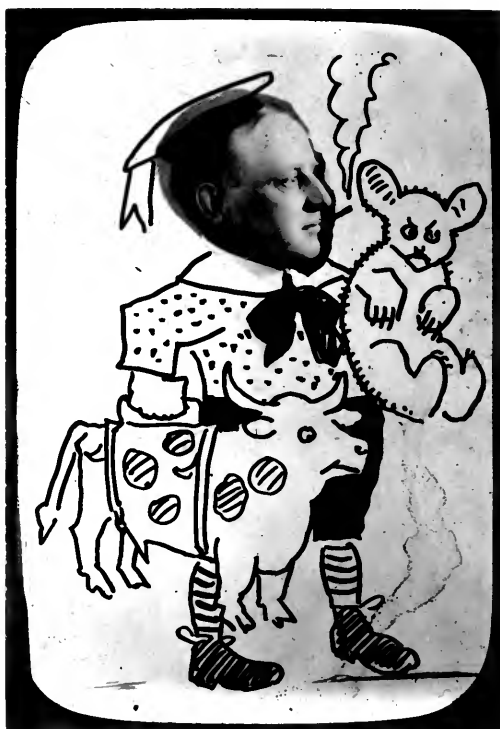
(With apologies to the Stein Song)

We "arouse then in the May time"
Sometimes when we toast in fizz,
But here is a man
Who makes it a plan
To "turn night time into day time,"
As a regular matter of biz.



DARIUS MILLER

If you want to go somewhere
The very worst way,
And a very odd joke says you do,
Never mind where you go
Or where you shall stay,
See Miller and ride on the Q.



DAVID A. NOYES

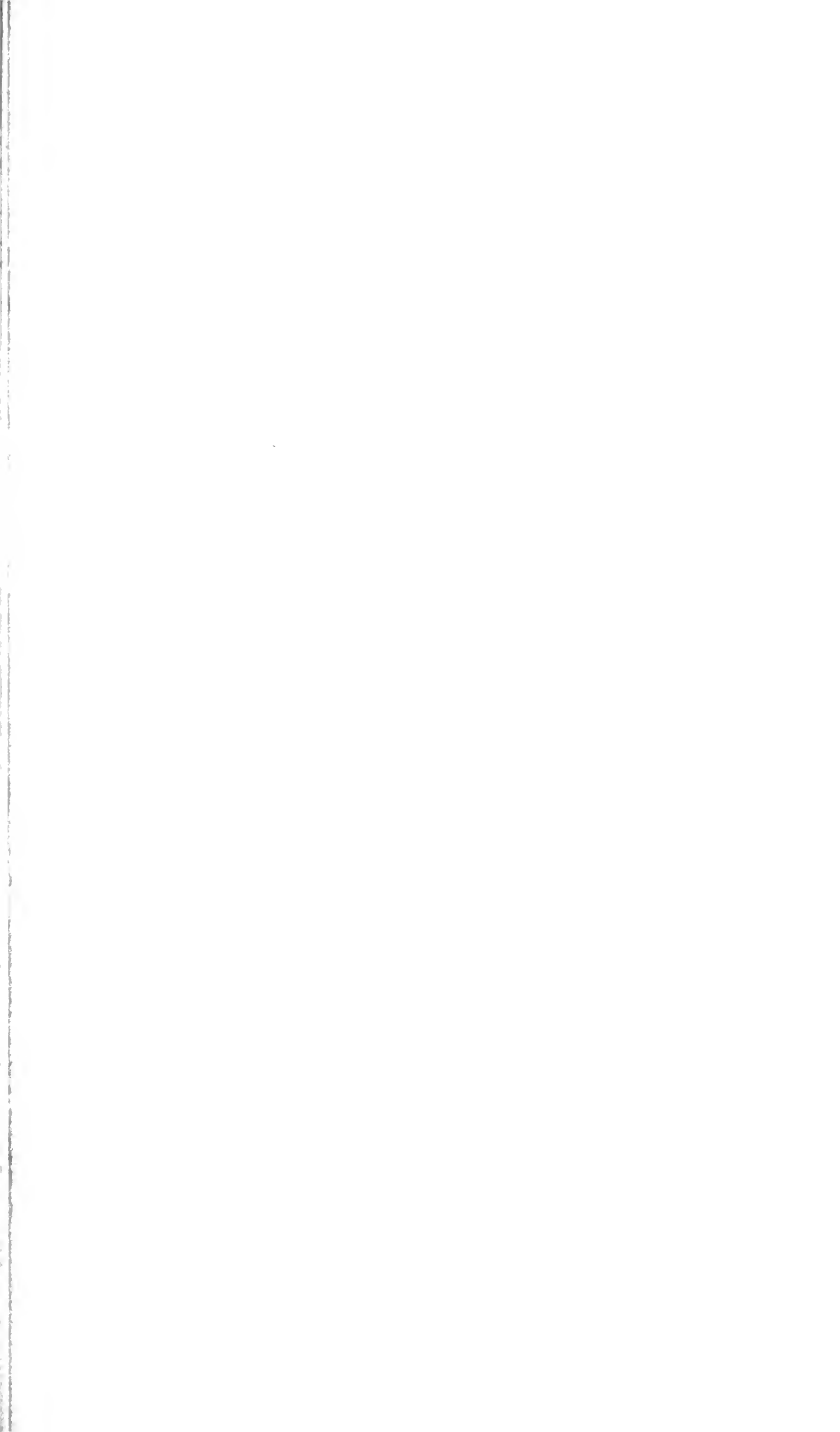
**Davy Noyes is one of the Boys
Who bucks the Board of Trade.
He looks like a Swede
But no, indeed!
He's Indiana made.**





W. H. REHM

If everybody spelled like Rehm,
How funny it would sehm,
His eyes would behm,
The girls would screhm,
You'd never drehm such things
of Rehm.





ROBERT J. THORNE

**When looking out for baby boys
If you would see one born,
Remember our male order house
And telephone Bob Thorne.**





E. F. CARRY

**Now Carry swings in many clubs,
Our own among the rest,
But caddies out at Exmoor say
He loves his Niblick best.**



THEO. C. KELLER

**Down in the coal mine with Keller
With pick, drill, shovel and blast,
That's where the Dagos raise Heller
And Keller hopes each time's the
last.**



W. V. KELLEY

Kelley's a founder
But what has he found?
That's easy to see
By looking around.
He finds you Industrials,
Joins with you,
And you find Kelley,
A good find, too.



C. E. ROLLINS, JR.

**In any kind of fire Rollins
Saves you from the worst,
He's the best of underwriters,
When you have a burning thirst.**



F. G. HARTWELL

When members join in with us
It's good that they should start
well,
So greet the very littlest cus
You know his name is Hartwell.



R. R. HAMMOND

**A collier lad is Hammond
Bringing coals in from afar,
Is he the man who makes the
smoke?
Just look at his cigar.**



RICHARD C. HALL.

Who is this new Club baby,
So big and fat and tall;
He's got the duck brand on him
And they say his name is Hall.



E. M. SKINNER

Says she "He is a man to win."

Says I "He is a winner."

Says he "I think it's time to skin,"

Says I "Why don't you Skinner?"



W. R. MICHAELIS

If I found a rhyme for Michaelis
I'd send it to him in a frame
For a word that is pat with a
twister like that
Would make him good friends
with his name.



GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

If Reynolds is elected, he
Has just himself to thank.
He's on the square, so we don't
care
A Continental Bank.



GUSTAVE F. FISCHER

Fischer says the Industrial Club
Is simply out of sight.
So what's the matter with Fischer
We all know he's all right!



GEORGE P. RINN.

I take my plank from George P.
Rinn,
And on it write the sonnet,
As officer he's the one to win
Tonight's the time he will begin
With V. P. in his bonnet.



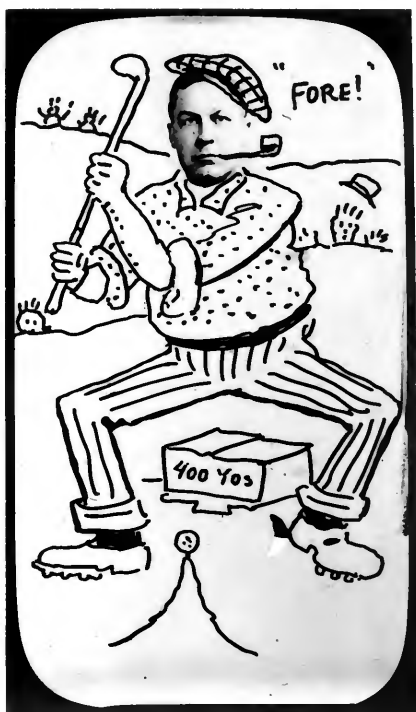
EDWARD R. HEISSLER

One a penny, two a penny,
Hot Cross Bun,
Eat 'em up, Industrials,
For Heissler's got the mon.



RUDOLPH ORTMANN

Now Ortmann's not consistent,
Not many of us are,
A Griffin wheel runs in his head,
A ——— in his car.



GEORGE E. MARCY

Marcy is a golfer,
That's what Marcy thinks.
Marcy comes to my Club
And beats me on the links.
I went to Marcy's Club,
Left him feeling sore.
I really think I beat him
But Marcy kept the score.



HUGH Mc BIRNEY JOHNSTON

Hello! is that you, Johnston?

Say, what's the stock to try?

Good buy? Is that so, Johnston?

Good buy? All right, good bye.



MASON B. STARRING

Sing a song of Starring,
Ain't he feeling jolly?
See the smile that won't come off
As he steers the trolley.

Have you noticed Starring?
Seen him sing and dance,
Ever since election, when
They got the Ordinance?



W. A. GARDNER

Rah! Rah! Rah! Northwestern!
Is that a college yell?
Not much, it means the railway
And Gardner knows it well.



CARL SCHUTTLE

"Then bring the wagon home,"

Carl,

The kind you understand.

"We used to ride round in it"

We like the Schuttler brand.



ERNEST W. HEATH

A painter here of great renown
May hide his modest head,
But when you go to paint the town
See Heath and paint it red.



HENRY BENEKE

The boy called out for Beneke
"He's top heavy," he said,
"He carries nails and bails and pails
And hardware in his head."



GEORGE H. HIGH

Here's the Secretary,
Do you recognize him? Try.
Looks contented, very,
How is this for High?



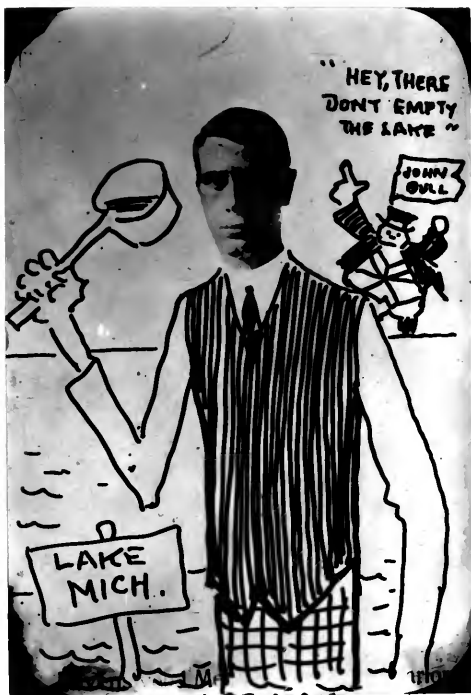
F. H. RAWSON

Now Rawson's a Union man,
The kind that will not bust ;
He works a very conservative plan
Around the Union Trust.



LOUIS MOHR

In Industrials we greet as such
With fellow feelings, for
We surely like all members much
But love our Louis Mohr.



ROBERT R. Mc CORMICK

Little drops of water
From Lake Michigan
Keep Mc Cormick busy
With the drainage plan.
Take your coat off, Robert,
Go for all the Powers,
Tip the lake the other way
And give us what is ours.



PHILIP W. SEIPP

Phil Seipp, he came of a fighting
clan,
Fame says he's always fought
her;
How could he be a peaceful man,
When hand in hand with Slaugh-
ter?





W. F. JUERGENS

I lost my rhyme on Juergens,
And this is in its place;
But he's not missing anything—
I see it by his face.

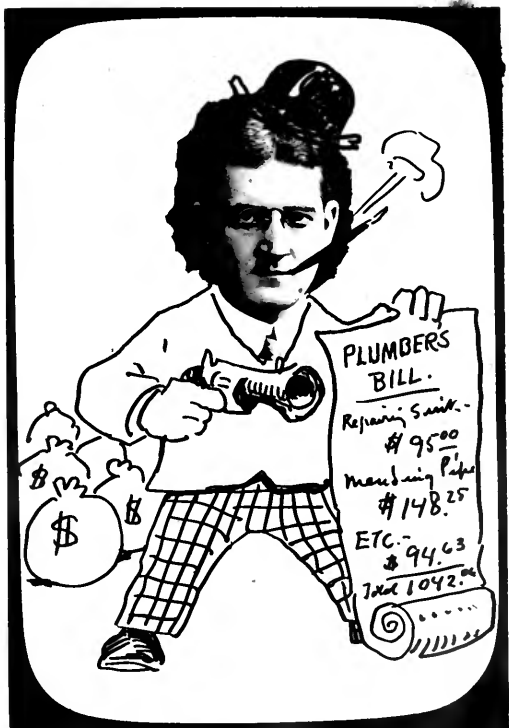
OUR POET LAUREATE WAS
THROWN BY PEGASUS AND HURT HIS
MIT.



ANGUS S. HIBBARD

Here is a line to me,
You will note I am trying to see
If the deal will be fair
Or up in the air
For the Telephone Companee.



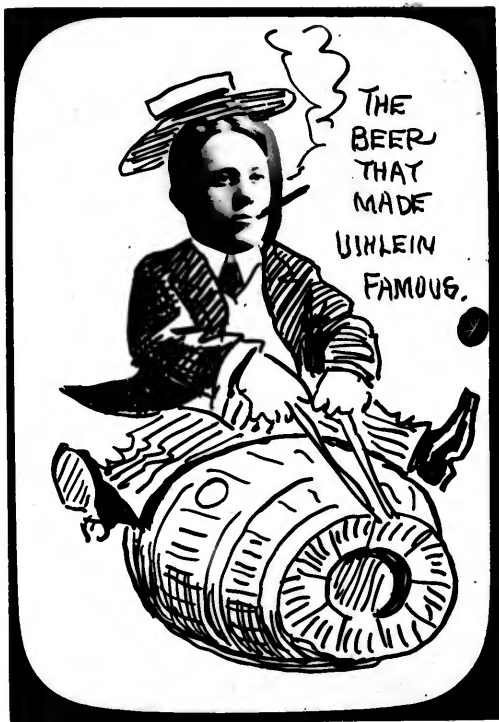


HARRY B. CLOW

Harry Clow! Well what do you think?

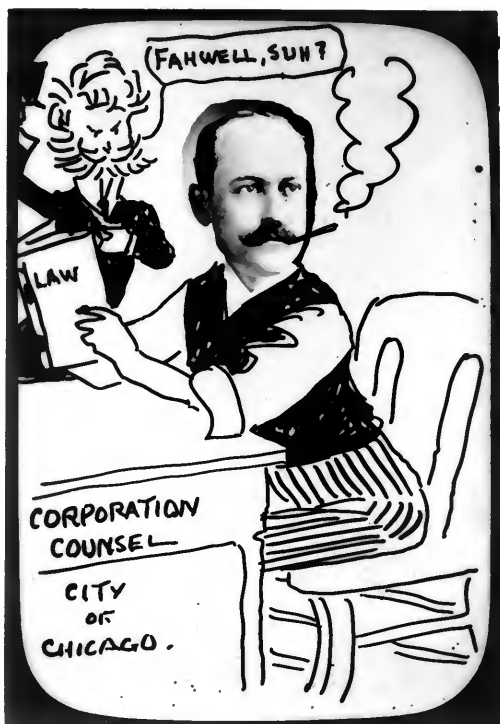
Anything from a kitchen sink
To the last High Art of the water cure

Harry can put the pipes on, sure!



EDGAR J. UHLEIN

If we drink a glass to Uihlein,
Can anybody blame us?
He blows the foam from the what-
you-may-call-it
That made some place or other
famous.



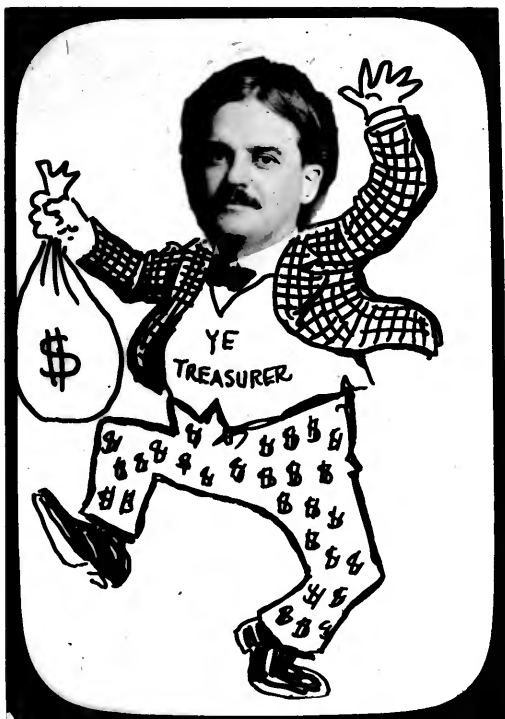
EDWARD J. BRUNDAGE

Is Brundage playing one big joke
Or is he playing fair
When the people see him building
Public buildings on the square?



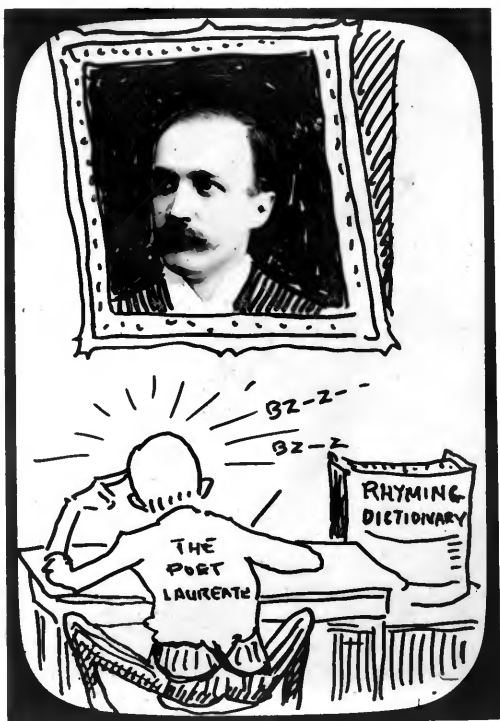
JOHN F. GILCHRIST

**Gilchrist says the price of light
Is going against nature.
If you think that he is right
Just ask the Legislature.**



GUY V. DICKINSON

If you're kicking about our finance,
If Industrials do not advance,
Make Dickinson pay,
For the fiddler today,
He's treasurer, let's make him
dance.



ALBERT F. MADLENER

Albert F. Madlener beats me this
time,
Somehow I can't fit his name to
this rhyme,
But surely it's clear
To every one here,
That Madlener fits in this Club any
time.





HOWARD G. HETZLER

**Why is Hetzler's railway like a lot
of the rest of them—just now?**

Because it's up in the air.



JOHN GEORGE GRAUE

Born in the last century,
Wanted to go to Heaven,
So he entered into the Industrial
Club,
In Nineteen hundred and seven.





WILLIAM A. BIRK

A glass to Birk in his own brew,
Drain every sparkling drop,
From the bulge beneath the bottom
To the bubbles on the top.





JOHN T. Mc CUTCHEON

How can a cartoonist
Cartoon to this rot?
The face is Mc Cutcheon's
The rhyme, it is not.





W. W. WILLITS

When baby members get a roast
We try them out in skillets;
But all the same we drink a toast
For our new member Willits.



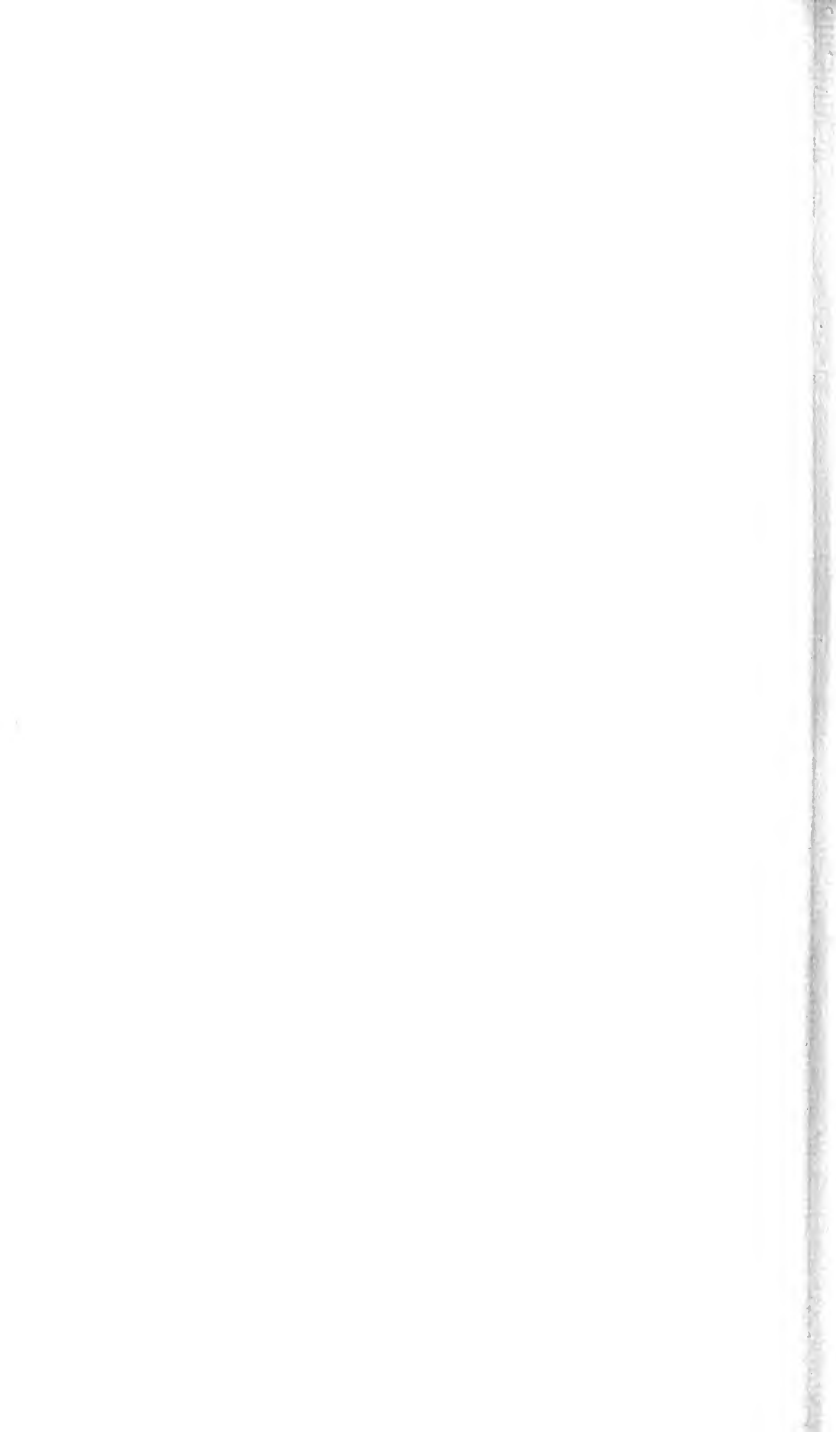




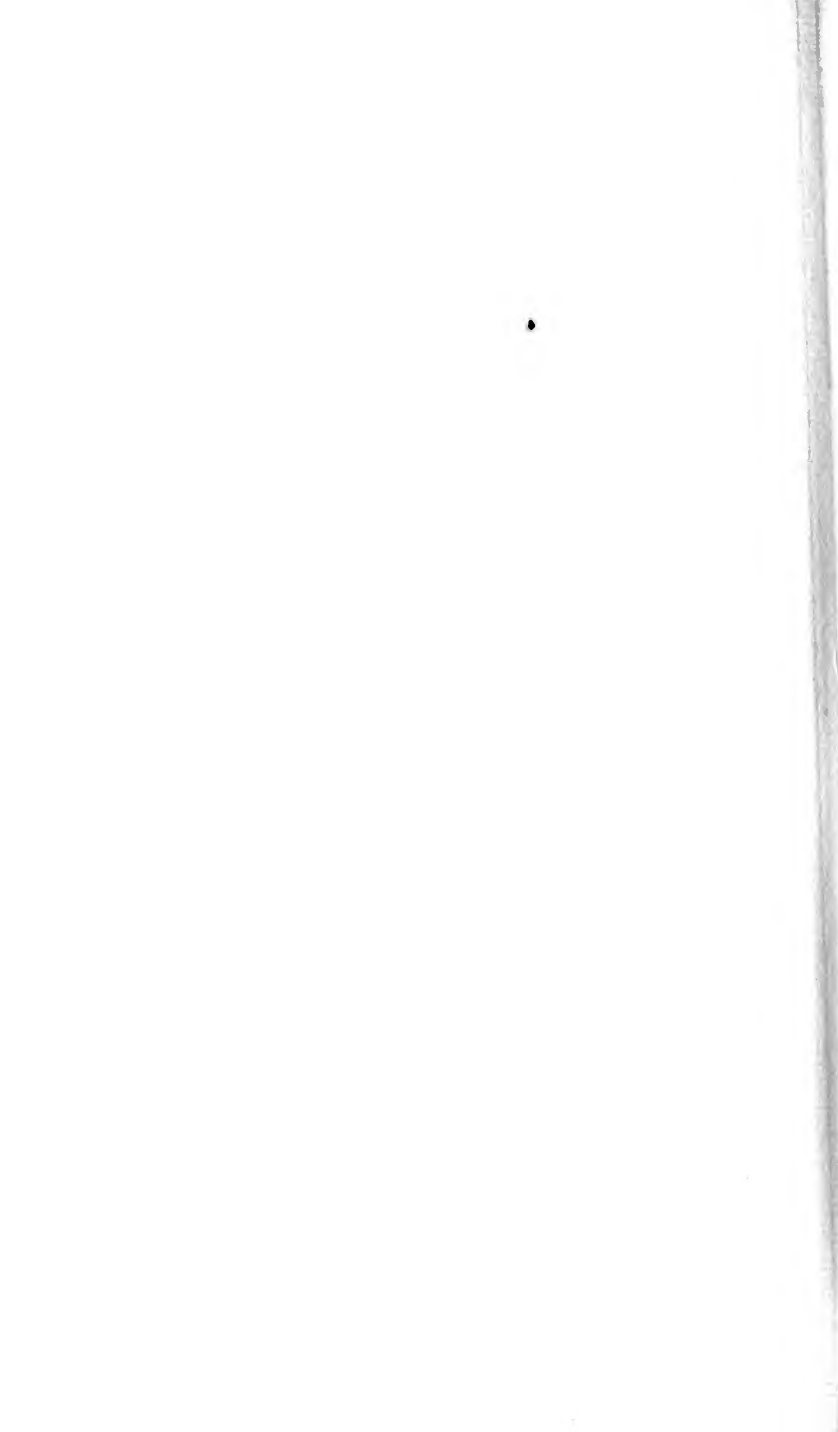












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